The Daily Movie Magazine



CAN YOU DETECT ANY FLAWS IN THESE RAILROAD STATION SCENES?



These three scenes are from Thomas Meighan's new picture, "If You

Believe It. It's So." The two upper pictures show the Grand Central

Station, New York, but they were not taken there. They're studio-built

out in California. Can even a real New Yorker tell the difference?

Notice the train announcement on the right-all true to life. Below are

Meighan and Joseph Dowling, who played the title role in "The Mirack

Man" in a scene from the new film

CLOSE-UPS of the MOVIE GAME

when she was working with Searle Dawley on an unnamed picture in which she

George IV period costume, with its dainty neck effects (whatever they call 'em)

and its hoopskirts, she was simply ravishing. Even mother couldn't help look-

ing at her admiringly all through the lunch time,

making of Peggy Shaw.

is at present working.

takes his sent at another table.

But he isn't a man you would fool with very much,

heroine of many romances that the fans know so well.

who wants to experiment. And you don't.

Peggy looked sweet enough to cat then, goodness knows. But in her

Nearby sat Holmes Herbert in the magnificent costume he wears as the Prince Regent in the same picture, his strikingly handsome face busy encircling

THEY are both so kopelessly good-looking that even a modicum of

I noting ability will put them across-and they both have at least that

with trritable impatience, call a wattress and give a hasty order.

of man who refuses to fit his clothes, no matter how well they are made.

little success in getting everything he wants exactly when and how he wants it.

He made most of the recent Norma Talmadge pictures, up to and including "The

Sign on the Door," and has since been directing Pearl White, with whom he

in with an easy swing, stops to chat beisurely with one or two people and calmly

height. It is probably because of his bulk-his muscular rotundity and the

general atmosphere of great strength. His face, in repose, is aggressive, pug-

nacious, almost pugilistic. His smile is tender and childlike-almost scraphic.

He is Herbert Brenon, one of the prima donna directors in the busidess.

The other side of this contrast is furnished by a heavy set man who comes

He gives the impression of physical bigness, though he is not above average

In contrast to Brenon's bagginess, this man is faultlessly tailored in a

This easy-going chap, who apparently has no nerves and little sentiment, is

Near Miliarde sits Pearl White, unbelievably blonde and not nearly so

Harry Millarde, the man who made "Over the Hill," the greatest fountain of

most profitable film that has ever been turned out. We won't speak of its

attractive off the screen as on. Her face, in repose, seems to acquire lines of

somberness and discontent that she doesn't allow to appear in her screen close-

ups and there are little evidences of quick temper every now and then that may

be temperament, but that, nevertheless, are not at all suggestive of the beautiful

ND every here and there around the room are harlequins and clowns

A and pierrots from a masked ball scene they are shooting and more

men in overalls and girls in ordinary office clothes and other girls in

Fifth avenue yet-ups. It's a colorful and cosmopolitan scene and it is

noisy with loud that and hearty laughter, but there's a total absence of

the caste distinctions that will be in full force five minutes after

brand new, perfectly cut light gray suit. He would make a good walking

INEZ KLUMPH

What Has Already Happened Dorothy Lane, a small-town girl, while on a trip to New York meets Lawrence French, a press agent, who becomes interested in her and secures for her an important part playing opposite John Seward, a famous star. Seward asks Dorothy to marry him, but she refuses, realizing that she cares for Laurence French. While working in a picture, Dorothy makes a dangerous leap over a waterfall on the promise that her part will be enlarged. But the star insists that the shot be used as if she had made the leap. thy's part is cut to almost nothing, and she returns to New York, discouraged and unhappy. Lawrence French meets her at the train, and they are married. Seward invites them to a showing of the picture in which Dorothy played opposite him. And Here It Continues

T'D SEEN myself before, of course, but people. This first shot in this picture. I realized afterward, had been faken when I didn't know that it was. I remembered that I'd been standing over at one side of the set one day, talking to Larry, and he'd told me of a won-derful place he knew of, where he and

to be when I was looking at the hero.
John Seward. I was playing the role
of a girl who was in love with an older of a girl who was in love with an older the life of Edmund Kenn. I first began to rave over her many months ago

I could see that Larry couldn't help wondering. Evidently the happiness in my face was too genuine to seem to have been simulated. I slid over in my chair and laid my face against his nice, rough coat s'eye, and he leaned over and dropped a kiss on my bair. That reassured me. Of course he couldn't possibly have thought that even early in the picture I really cared anything for John Seward, I stold myself.

a piece of home-made apple pic and talking to a friend in an ordinary busines But then a horrible thought crept into my mind, like a snake rearing its ngly suit at the same time. What would Larry think whenon Cape Cod, when John Seward kissed

I'd do anything in the world to make him miss seeing that part of the picture. I thought of pretending that I was too tired to stay, and asking him to take me home. But then I realized that he would see the picture later, after it was released. Much better that he should see it here, and have it over with.

Then I remembered, ten, the time
John Seward had fought in my behalf.

and the stories the napers hid run about it when Persia killed herself. What if people remembered that when they saw those scenes? They'd think, perhaps, that I had married Larry just as a protection against those stories. I knew even from my experience in the motion-picture world, that they'd be likely to not the worst possible interpretation on the whole thing. It was all that I could do not to burst into tears.

think that the very night of my life I was so wretched! The other people liked the picture

I could hear them commenting on wretched as I was, and realized that they thought I did good work. I had screened unusually well—even I knew that. John Seward had belped

me with my make-up, experimenting with different shades of powder and lifferent ways of doing my eyes, and the results had been most successful.
"Good material there!" the man be-

hind me leaned over and whispered to John after one scene which he and I had played alone. "What are you doing these days-robbing the cradle to make

advertisement for a tailor. He has square footage enough to display the goods "Looks that way," John answered with a little laugh. Larry turned to and a well-knit figure that allows of graceful curves and smart effects. me then to whisper. "Did you hear you'd never take him for a tailor's dummy or a society fashion plate. There's that?" but I was too unhappy to care, too much degged puguacity in that face of his. You get the impression that he packs an awful wallop and that he isn't a bit averse to trying it out on any one That horrible scene was coming; he'd never speak to me again when he real-ized John Seward had made such pas-

donate love to me! last it reame—that scene I I Larry's, pretending that I wanted fix my hair, and then I slipped it into artistic side-because it hasn't any. my pocket. I felt sure that when he John Seward's arm go around me hadn't realized when we made the

scene how perfect a background had been selected for it. It was wonder-ful, really—a rocky headland that dropped straight down to the sea, with some sernggly, wind-blown trees, so distorted that they looked like funny itt'e gnomes with outstretched arms. And the waves dashed up high against the rocks like white animals trying to climb the headland.

SECOND HAND ROSE

Universal has up and got distinguished, too. They have Arthur Statter writing secuarios. He was at one time Assistant Secretary of the Treasury at the time Roosevelt was President. He also was business manager of Mr. Tafe's considering annual of the Treasury at the control of th dent. He also was business managed of Mr. Taft's presidential campaign. of Course, that does not argue that he can "write a film," as Sir Gilbert Parker expresses it, but it's nice to have him around. Anyway, he's doing Harry bim around. him around. Anyway, he's doing Harry the threshold he paused long enough to Carey's next story, called "The Land of the Lost," so he must be pretty goed.

THEY have made "Second-Hand |

In the darkness I couldn't see her, but later I learned that she was a critic on one of the newspaners.

"Wonderful, dear!" Larry whispered and looked at me curiously.

You see, that first shot was supposed to be when I was looking at the hero. John Seward, I was playing the role of the continuity clerks in the most friendly spirit.

At the table next to us were two electricians in overalls, the grime scarcely washed from their hands; an assistant director and a pretty girl who was one of the continuity clerks in the studio. They were all talking and laughing and the way, in "A Trip to Paradise," the criminal and attrocious motion-picture made of "Lilion." However, don't he cast of Bert Lytell's new pleture. Tommy Carteret," which. Bayard of the motion the turned and looked at me curiously.

You see, that first shot was supposed to be when I was looking at the hero. John Seward, I was playing the role of the continuity clerks in the studio. They were all talking and laughing and the mother. Peggy is the state of the continuity clerks in the studio. They were all talking and laughing and the way, in "A Trip to Paradise," the criminal and attrocious motion-picture made of "Lilion." However, which the cast of Bert Lytell's new pleture. Tommy Carteret, which the cast of Bert Lytell's new pleture. Tommy Carteret, which the cast of Bert Lytell's new pleture. To Biy the cast of Bert Lytell's new pleture, was the look of Bert Lytell's new pleture. To Biy the cast of Bert Lytell's new pleture, which the cast of Bert Lytell's new pleture. To Biy the cast of Bert Lytell's new pleture, was the cast of Bert Lytell's new pleture. To Biy the cast of Bert Lytell's new pleture, was the cast of Bert Lytell's new pleture. To Biy the cast of Bert Lytell's new pleture, was the cast of Bert Lytell's new pleture. To Biy the cast of Bert Lytell's new pleture. To Biy the cast of Bert Lytell's new pleture. To Biy the cast of Bert Lytell's new pleture. To Biy the cast of Bert Lytell's new pleture. To Biy the cast of Bert Lytell's new ple

know that she wears the same apron "You which she appeared in the stage provided." duction of "The Poor Little Rich Girl" you."
duction of "The Poor Little Rich Girl" you."
I'll do nothing of the sort," snapped an awful stretch of imagination, and Kendric. Johnny Harron, brother of the late
Bobby Harron, is Miss Dana's leading shaking his head dubiously. He looked han in the pleture. At times his specific production of the late that he had been shaking his head dubiously.

meanny. Have you noticed it? HERBERT RAWLINSON, as soon on "Peter-Man," which was written by

The pie and the 1810 costume didn't seem to fit together historically, but Holmes, who is usually a stickler for accuracy, didn't seem to mind that particular anachronism in the least. And, while we are waiting for a second cup of coffee, let me venture the prediction that this picture is going to be a big boost Louis V. Eytinge, a lifer in the Artin Holmes' reputation as a film actor, just as I believe it is likely to be the obtain for him either a pardon or a mod- the other servant joined him. TWO tables over on the other side of the room present two of the greatest con-1 trasts I know of in the movie world. We see a man come harrying in at the door, glance nervously around for a vacant place, rush over and sit down and,

He is a thin, smallish man and his clothes look shabby, though they are probably not. It's shaply that they don't fit him—or rather that he is the type His every movement is full of jangling nerves; his every look quick and unensy and his expression—even when he tries to smile—one of irritability and ited him in prison and encouraged him at his heels.

1. Write for pictures. And let us all "Stand aside." commanded Jim. sudden shifts of temperament. His color is pule, almost wan, and there are two to write for pictures, heetic bright red spots in his checks. He suggests the lack of outdoor air-the say-more power to him! chronic impatience with everything that comes of too much introspection and too

Likes Pictures Best



WILLIAM COLLIER, JR. Son of the famous stage comedian, is bound to follow in "dad's" footsteps—but in the silent drama, "Buster," as he is called, admits he likes pictures best. At present he is working on "At the Stage Door," under William Christy under Cabanne

DAUGHTER OF THE SUN A Tale of Adventure

THIS BEGINS THE STORY

Jim Kendric, a devil-may-cars, wholehearted American, in a Mexican gambiling Joint meets Ruiz Rios, an old rival
and enemy, with his companion, a handsome woman in man's attire, who wins
a game at high stakes from him. Kendric has made a pact with his old chum.
Harlow, to so on a voyage for some mysterious Mexican treasure. At the picturesque scene of their exploit in the
Mexican mountains, again in male attire,
to their amazement, appears Zoraida,
it appears the treasure-hunting party is
in the power of the strange woman and
her coterie. In a startling interview
she discloses that she is the last of the
Azice princesses, and lays chaim to the
treasure of the Monteximas, which Kendric is seeking. She proffers him her
love and is bitter when he says he has
no time for love. Meanwhile he has sight
of an American girl. Hetty Gordon, who
is being held for ransom. Kendric's
friend. West has a ranch nearby. Zoraida permits him to visit West, on condition he returns to her headquarters,
West proffers help. Zoraida shows her
power by having Harlow, who has come
under her speil, badly shot and burning
down West's ranch. Kendric, keeping
Jis word, returns to Zoraida's place,
but she is away, and he decides to make
a setaway. He finds Hetty Gordon and
promises to aid her. Rios is after treasure. Suddenly Zoraida returns, bringing
West, whom she has successfully
"vamped." Le tells Kendric that Betty
is really a notorious dancer, which Kendric denies, Zoraida develops a new plot
with Rios to win Kendric's love, and by
a revolution to establish a state with
herself assousen. Kendric is confined at
the ranch. Zoraida invites him to a dinner, at which both West and Harlow are
guests, She urges the three men and
Rios to play a game of cards for large
stakes of gold, and her hand, is addition. Kendric wins, to his dismay and
Hetty's disguest. Fitt West is awakened
from his infatuation.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

THIS BEGINS THE STORY

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

"BRUCE, old man-" he said. But Bruce, though with little spirit in the movement, shook the hand

Scoff as scoffers will at our well-known industry, they must admit we're improving. George Ade has come belien burning in Rios' eyes. Then, that the fellow meant trickery and no out to look us over.

The other day he was visiting the Lasky studio. I can't say he looked interested, but I will vouch for the fact that not much escaped his observation.

The other day he was visiting the Lasky studio. I can't say he looked interested, but I will vouch for the fact that not much escaped his observation.

The other day he was visiting the shoulders and left the room. The servant fair man-to-man fight. He stood with his back to the door; he saw the approaching man's cyes switch to it briefly. Then it flashed upon Kendric that he was to be attacked from belong and steadily at Kendric, Kendra.

chair has just tried to bore you and got smashed in the face for his trou-ble! After what's happened tonight, man, you and me are alone."

He stalked off to the door. But at

self. Jim Kendric, that everything's landslidin' your way. Plainly Zoraida's orders had been intended to clear the room save for Kendric. For the servant came to

Viola Dana's new picture is taken from Irvin Cobb's story, "The Five-Dollar Baby," and in it she appears for a time as a little girl. It's interesting to know that she was a little girl. It's interesting to know that she was a little girl. It's interesting to know that she was a little girl. It's interesting to know that she was a little girl. It's interesting to know that she was a little girl. It's interesting to know that she was a little girl. It's interesting to know that she was a little girl. It's interesting to know that she was a little girl. It's interesting to the little girl. It's int "You will follow me, sener?" he in-ted. "La Senerlta Reinita awaits

"I am going outside for a sure somebody must have made a smoke and you can tell your lady queen

nan in the picture. At times his re-distressed. In his simple mind orders symbolic to his dead brother is almost from Zoraida were orders absolute, and yet slight largesse as Jim's bought re-

spect and something akin to affection.
"Later you will smoke outside, senor," he urged. "Now it would be best—oh, surely, best, senor!—to follow me to La Senorita."

Jim shoved by Ifim toward the door. zona State Penitentiary. Mr. Eytinge is a man of education—that sounds very condescending, doesn't it? But I don't mean to be so. What I'm trying to tell you is that his case has been taken up again and again by people of influence in this profession and must be sometimes of the profession and must be sometimes and must be somet influence in this profession, and nu-seried themselves. He slipped between merous endeavors have been made to Kendrie and the door, and at his glance likeation of his sentence, which was im-posed spon him solely through circum- Kendrie's set and determined face, antial evidence.
This is the first story he has submit- hallway behind them. This look was ted. I believe he conducts a very profitable advertising business from the prison ing; that way had their companion gone and has written often for newspapers hastily when Zoraida had left; that and magazines. At one time Anita Loos way, perhaps, would be be returning

> They were stalwart men and they did not stand uside. Hather they stenned closer together, shoulder to shoulder. grim in their stubborn obedience to the orders they had been given. eniting and words and obstructions, Kendric bore down on them, vowing to go through, though they might raise an outery and double their strength. They were ready for him and stood up But their impulse of obediene and routine duty was a pale, weak mu tive before his rage at eternal hin-drance. He charged them like a mad drance. He charged them like a mad bull; he struck to right and left with the mighty blows of lusty battle-joy, and, though they struck back and sought to grapple with him he hurled one of them against the wall with a bleeding mouth and sent the other toppling back ward, crashing to the floor in the hall, And through he went, growling savagely. But only to confront the third man returning with half a dozen ullen-eyed half-breeds at only to see beyond them the bright interested eyes of Zoraida.

"Call your hound dogs off," he roared her. "I'm going through." her. 'I'm going through,' Zoraida clapped her hands, "Muchaches," she commanded then tame me this wild man! But I "tame me this wild man! But no pistols or knives, mind you!" She drew up close to one wall and watched; she might have been an excited child at a three-ring circus. Kendric found time to marvel at her even as he shot by her, hurling the whole of his compact weight into the mass of bodies defying him passage-

whispered. "One against nine!" she added, for already the two men who had sought to hold Kendric back from the hallway were up and after him.

BY QUIEN SABE (Who Knows) Copyright, 1921, by Charles Scribner's Sons

"He is a mad fool—sand yet, by the breath of God, he is a man!"

And a man's fight did he treat her to. Carried out of himself, gone for the moment the madman she had named him. It was Jim Kendric's way to fight in silence, but now he should as he silence but now he should as he which in time was thrown open by the It was Jim Kendric's way to fight in silence, but now he shouted as he struck, defying them, cursing them, striking as hard as God had given him strength, recking not in the least of blows received, heart and mind centered alone on the pulsing, throbbing prayer to feel a bone crack before him, to see a head snap back, to feel blood gush forth building they came to the heavy door which in time was thrown open by the evil-looking Yaqui with the sinister weapons at his belt. The man bowed deeply as Zoraida swept by him. Another moment Zoraida and Jim were in the room which appeared always to be pitch black. But from here on the way was no longer the same. head snap back, to feel blood gush forth way was no longer the same. from a battered face. A man tripped him cunningly from the side and he all his side. She stood a long time without but fell. But he struck back with his moving, apparently waiting or listening, boot and steadied himself by hurling and he stood as still. Then she put out his toppling body against a resisting body and crashed on. Yes, and through, though they clutched at him and dragged after him! A man hung to his belt and he dragged him four or five steps; then he turned and drove his feet into the man's neek and freed him. fist into the man's neck and freed him-relf and bore on. So he came to the end of the hall and to a locked door and turned with his back to the wall.

in front of him. He laughed at them and taunted them and reviled them. They were nine men and upon many of the dark faces were signs of his passing. And as they came closer there was respect as well as "There's no call for talk between beat him down; in their minds was no caution in their look. They meant to you and me, Jim," he said wearily, doubt of the ultimate outcome, for were "Talk can't change things, Just now I wanted to kill you!" He shuddered. The man with whom Zoraida had memory. So they draw on slowly.

that not much escaped his observation. We're walting now with bated breath to hear what he has to say about us.

He professes he finds it impossible to find a place in Hollywood where he can write without interruption. I think that argues more for his likableness than tor the cramped condition of our colony. He should do a C. B. De Mille, having a mountain retreat and a gate-having of his face time looked long and steadily at Rendric, Kendra, guessed from the working of his face the could leap aside, the door was jerked open and from behind he felt arms about him. He struggled and strained in a tensing grip. Not just dozen steps and Zoraida paused abstrained in a tensing grip. Not just dozen steps and Zoraida paused abstrained in a tensing grip. Not just dozen steps and Zoraida paused abstrained in a tensing grip. Not just dozen steps and Zoraida paused with the very least and maybe three. He heard them muttering. Then the men in front came on in a a flying body and with a dozen men piling over him Jim Kendric at last went down. And once down, being the man to know when he heard the soft just a pause. Th

along by my men?" "I'll come," he answered shortly, back, "Having no choice, Call them off be-fore I stifle,"

and Kendric rose. She made a quick to him and, vaguely, his surroundings, signal and they filed out through a They stood in a low-vaulted, narrow further door. "Come," she said to him. She caught be rock,

He heard Zoraida's quiet breathing at



now we have been friends—"
"You talk of friendship!" Barlow had played out his string, he lay still. spoke with cold bitterness. "When here I crawl around with a hole in here I crawl around with a hole in ously. "Or shall I have him carried door close softly when they had gone had some softly when they had gone had some softly when they had gone had some him to know when he had been then had played out his string, he lay still. The heard the had gone had some him to know when he had played out his string, he lay still. The heard the had gone had some him to know when he had played out his string, he lay still. The heard the had gone had some him to know when he had played out his string, he lay still. The heard the had played out his string, he had been h through; he heard the several bolts shot

> Then Zoraida left him, groped a moore I stifle."
>
> Ment and thereafter the tiny flare of a Zornida ordered, the men fell back match in her upheld hand showed her passageway through what appeared to

ap a cloak which had slipped from her shoulders, a thing of silken scarlet, and was a small lamp which Zoralda lighted. Sylvia and a man he knew and I could go Sunday afternoon. And I co

"Doors and bars and locks and keys." Ancient Gardens of the Golden chough," mocked Kendric, "to guard without having the source of the life treasure of the Montezumas!" He supposed that Zeraida was conducting him to the barbaric chamber in mysterious smile.

"And not alone in doors and locks he Zoraida put her faith," she said, " Zoraida put her faith, she said. "It I had not prepared the way neither you nor another man, though he held the keys, could ever have come so far! I have been before and removed certain small obstructions. Come! I will she you others, Zoraida's true safeguard."

They were in a small square chamber faced with oak on all sides exepting ceiling and floor which were of hear rock. The panels of the walls, can some two feet wide, had, all of them the look of narrow doors, each with it the look of narrow doors, each with in heavy latch. Zoraida put her hand to the nearest latch and opened the door cautiously. Kendric saw only a long very narrow and dark passageway. "Listen," commanded Zoralda,

He heard nothing. "Toss something down into the passage, said Zoralda. Anything, a ject upon you.

ject upon you."
So a coin it was. He heard it strike and roll and clink against rock. That he heard the other sound, a dry admilike dead leaves rattling together. Despite him he drew back swiftly. Zeraida laughed and closed the door.
"You know what it is, then?"

He knew. It was the angry warsing of a rattlesnake; his quickened fancies pictured for him a dark alleyway whose floor was alive with the deadly reptiles and he felt an unplease of the flesh. ant prickling of the flesh.

"If you went on," she told his screenely, "and you chose any door but the right one—and there are twelfer doors—you would never come to the end of a short hallway. And, even thous you happened to choose the right doe, it were best for you if Zoraida went ahead. Come, my friend."

She opened another door and steppe into the narrow opening. Though is had little enough liking for the expedition, Kendric blowed. Once more he heard a rustling as of thousands of dry, parched leaves, and was at loss know whence came the ominous sound, Again Zoraida laughed, saying: "I have been before and prepared the way," and they went on. Then came another door with still other bars and locks. Zoraida unlocked one after the other, then stood back, looking at his with the old mischief showing vaguely is

"Open and enter," she said.

He threw back the door. But on the threshold he stopped and stared and marveled. Zoraida's pleased laughter

new was like a child's.

"You are the first man, since Zeraida's father died, to come here," he told him. "And never another man will come here until you and I are dead. It is a place of ancient things, it is the heart of Ancient Mexico." The heart of Ancient Mexico! With out her words he would have known would have felt. For old influences let

on and the atmosphere of the time of the Montezumas still pervaded the place. He forgot even Zoraida as he stepped forward and stopped again, marveling, Here was a chamber of colossal pro portions and more than a chamber h that it gave the impression of being without walls or roof. And in a way

To be continued tomorrow



The following theatres obtain their pictures through the STANLEY Company of America, which is a guarantee of early showing of the finest productions. Ask for the theatre in your locality obtaining pictures through the Stanley Company of America.



The NIXON-NIRDLINGER THEATRES

BELMONT 52D ABOVE MARKET 2:30 and 0:30 to 11 P. M. "WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME" CEDAR GOTH & CEDAR AVENUE

EDITH STOREY COLISEUM Market bet. 50th & 60%

JUMBO FRONT ST. & GIRARD AVE

"BURN-'EM-UP BARNES"

ANNA Q. NILSSON PRINCESS 1018 MARKET STREET

LOCUST 52D AND LOCUST STREET Elsie Ferguson, 'The Song of Songs' HAROLD LLOYD, "NEVER WEAKEN"

"WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME" RIALTO GERMANTOWN AVENUE HOPE HAMPTON

in "LOVE'S PENALTY CONSTANCE TALMADGE

"QUO VADIS"

MME. NAZIMOVA

NORMA TALMADGE

"THE SIGN ON THE DOOR"

Douglas Fairbanks, 'Reggie Mixes In' EMPRESS MAIN ST. MANAYUNE SHERWOOD 54th & Builtimore ANNA Q NILSSON In CO. ST. BURNESSON IN C Constance Talmadge—Harrison Ford STRAND GTN. AVE. & VENANGO STREET

STANLEY MARKET AT 19TH 11 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. GEORGE MELFORD'S "THE SHEIK"

STANTON MARKET Above 16TH

"THE QUEEN OF SHEBA" 333 MARKET STREET THEATRE Marion Davies in "Enchantment" VICTORIA MARKET ST. ab. 0TH

WILLIAM FARNUM RIALTO, WEST CHESTER

"THE SKY PILOT"

NIXON 52D AND MARKET STR. 2:15, 7 and 1

RUBY MARKET ST. BELOW THE RIVOLI 52D AND SANSOM STS. MATINEE DALL FLORENCE REED

SAVOY 1211 MARKET STREET

8 A. M. to Midnight

69TH ST. THEATRE-Opp. Terminal
Math. 2.20-Evgs. 7 and

AT OTHER THEATRES

"WHAT DO MEN WANT?"

PARK RIDGE AVE. 4 DAUPHIN SE Mat. 2:15, Eve. 6:45 to 11 JAMES KIRKWOOD 16. "The Great Impersonation"

Manley,

"THE ROUGH DIAMOND"

"WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME" APOLLO 52D & THOMPSON STS DOUGLAS MacLEAN ARCADIA CHESTNUT Bel. 16TH Lehigh Palace Germantown Ave. and Lehigh Avenue

PAULINE FREDERICK

ASTOR FRANKLIN & GHARD AVE.
WILLIAM DE MILLE'S "AFTER THE SHOW" BALTIMORE 518T & HALTIMORE DORIS MAY

BENN GATH AND WOODLAND AVE NATURE DAILY REPERT RUGHES' PALACE 1214 MARKET STREET 10 A. M. 66 11-15 P. M. "Dangerous Curve Ahead" BLUEBIRD Broad & Susquehanna

BROADWAY Broad & Snyder Ave. REGENT MARKET ST. Below 17TH ANNA Q. NILSSON In "WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME" CAPITOL 722 MARKET ST.
TO A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
CLAIRE ADAMS AND ROBERT MCKIM In "A CERTAIN RICH MAN"

WILLIAM S. HART

COLONIAL Gin. & Maplewood Aves "WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME" DARBY THEATRE MAY ALLISON m "ENTRAVAGANCE"

"WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME" FAIRMOUNT MATINES DAILY GRACE DAVISSON in

"Love, Hate and a Woman"

ALICE LAKE

FAMILY THEATRE-1311 Market St. 8 A. M. TO MIDNIGHT HERBERT RAWLINSON in "THE MILLIONAIRE"

"UNCHARTED SEAS" mass of bodies defying him passage-way. And as flesh struck flesh, Zoraida GLOBE 5501 MARKET ST. 230 and 636 to 11 MARY MILES MINTER GRANT 4022 Girard Ave.—Mat. Today "WOMEN WHO WAIT"

Alhambra 12th, Morris & Passyunk Ave. GREAT NORTHERN Broad St. at Erle Mit. Daily at 2; Evgs. 6:45 & 9 GREAT NORTHERN Broad St. at Erle ANNA Q. NILSSON In "WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME" IMPERIAL SOTH & WALNUT STS

ANNA Q. NILSSON II "WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME" KARLTON CHESTNET West of BROAD CECIL B. DE MILLE'S "A FOOL'S PARADISE"

CONSTANCE BINNEY LIBERTY BROAD & COLUMBIA AV. HOOT GIBSON MONTAGUE LOVE OVERBROOK 62D AND HAVERFORD

LEADER 41ST & LANCASTER AVE

"WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME"

PRISCILLA DEAN in "CONFLICT"

MARION DAVIES

MEMBERS OF M. P. T. O. A. Germantown 5510 Germantown ATT MEE DAILT

JEFFERSON 20th & Dauphin Bu "THE WRONG WOMAN"